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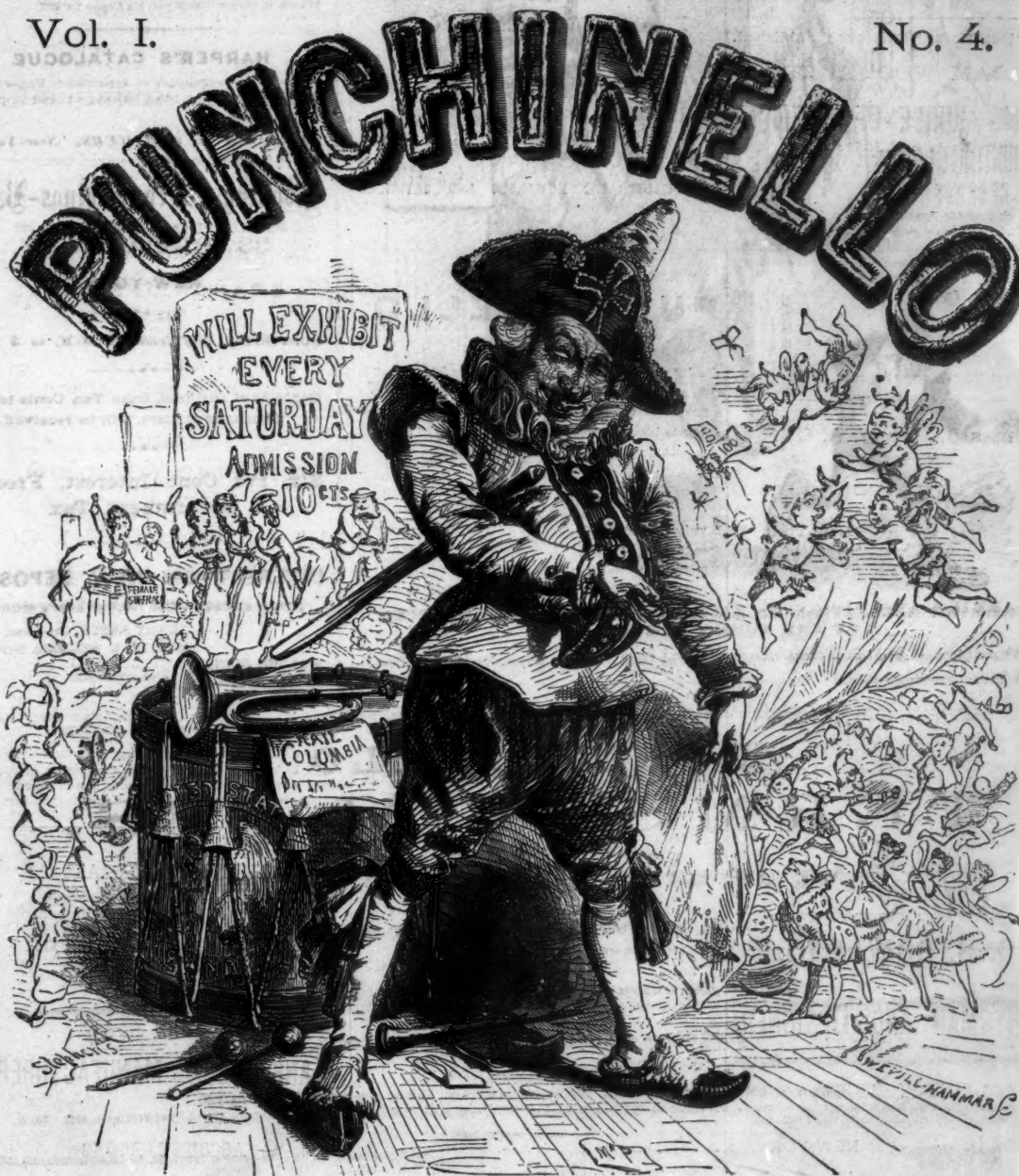
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Vol. I.

No. 4.



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THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



BOOTH'S Theatre has become famous as the place where Mr. MOLLENHAUER nightly leads his admirable orchestra, and plays with exquisite skill and infinite tenderness his unrivalled violin solos.

Since this theatre opened, there have been several attempts to add dramatic entertainments to the attractive concerts given by Mr. MOLLENHAUER. Two great actors, Mr. JEFFERSON and Mr. BOOTH, have at different times appeared at this house, and in *Rip Van Winkle* and *Hamlet* have given us the most perfect specimens of dramatic monologue. Lately, there was an attempt made to present *Macbeth* during the intermis-

sions in the performance of the orchestra. Had an actor been engaged who was capable of playing *Macbeth*, and had a company been engaged to support him, the tragedy would doubtless have been well played. There was really little else wanting to make it a meritorious Shakespearean revival.

To visit this theatre is held to be a solemn duty by a large class of respectable and serious people. They don't go for amusement—they are far too sensible for that—but they go to support the legitimate drama, to testify their respect for SHAKESPEARE and for Mr. BOOTH's classic brow. The Worldly-Minded Persons who attended the representations of *Macbeth*, found themselves assisting at a scene compared with which a funeral would have been jovial, and a hanging, a wild dissipation.

This is the sort of thing that presents itself to our memory as we recall the first night of *Macbeth*.

A large and elderly audience enters the portals with subdued and mournful mien. The ushers, who, in imitation of Mr. BOOTH, do a little of the classic brow and curl business themselves, chew tobacco with an air of resigned melancholy, and spit upon the carpet, as though renouncing the pleasures of the world and the decencies of civilization.

At the first intermission of the orchestra, the curtain rises upon the three Weird Sisters. Mr. HIND is a Weird Sister, and he improves the opportunity to howl with a weirdness that draws an involuntary laugh from an irreverent young lady.

Respectable Father. "Laughing in BOOTH's, my dear! I am astonished at you. Sh."

Respectable Mother. "Ellen, if you can't behave in ch—in the theatre, you ought not to come." *Irreverent young lady becomes an object of scornful pity to every one in the neighborhood. She never smiles again.*

The play proceeds. An inarticulate person is brought in on a litter, who looks like a Tammany man whom some irate young Democrat has "put a head on." He indulges in an inarticulate speech, which is warmly applauded by the gallery. Then the Weird Sisters meet MACBETH and BANQUO on the heath, and Mr. HIND howls at them until the Worldly-Minded auditor blesses the memory of the Salem witch-burners. Then the King brevets MACBETH. Then Lady MACBETH reads a letter from her husband with the demonstrative energy of a Chicago Wild Woman reading the decree that divorces her from a kind and honorable husband. Then the King arrives, and MACBETH and his wife agree to kill him. Then the curtain falls, and Mr. MOLLENHAUER repays the Worldly-Minded Person for having stayed through the first act. Conversation is indulged in by the audience in subdued whispers.

All the Respectable Men in the house. "Ah! there is nothing like SHAKESPEARE, and there is no theatre like BOOTH's. This is indeed an intellectual feast."

All the Middle-aged Ladies, wiping away the tear of sensibility. "This is something worth seeing! How can people be so frivolous as to go to see comedies?"

All the Young Ladies. "Isn't BOOTH perfectly splendid? Isn't he

magnificent? You should have seen his CLAUDE MELNOTTE; it was so perfectly lovely."

All the Ushers, each to the other. "Have another chew?"

Worldly-Minded Person to Congenial Reprobate. "Let's hear MOLLENHAUER once more, and then go."

But MOLLENHAUER's violin ceases to weep, and the curtain rises again. The remainder of the play proceeds in due solemnity. MACBETH has the usual fit of *delirium tremens* at the banquet scene, where the nobility of Scotland—one of whom wears low shoes, Oxford tie pattern—drink with national ardor, and don't take the slightest interest in MACBETH's hallucinations. Lady MACBETH afterward enjoys her own little private delirium in a gorgeous night-dress, and MACBETH is finally done for by MACDUFF, who can outfight and outhowl him with perfect ease. The tragedy being at last over, the audience disperses with solemn steps and slow; the men and elderly ladies still whispering their stereotyped chorus of praise, and the young ladies adding to their panegyrics of BOOTH ecstatic admiration of Lady MACBETH's night-dress.

And the Worldly-Minded Person, walking homeward, soliloquizes in some such strain as this: "BOOTH can't play MACBETH; for he neither looks nor understands the character. FANNY MORANT can't play LADY MACBETH as perfectly as it should be played; but she tries to do her best, and is quite respectable. Nobody else plays any part with common decency. But then the scenery is good; the Scottish nobility look sufficiently hungry and seedy, and MOLLENHAUER is superb."

"Didn't somebody say of WASHINGTON that 'Providence made him childless, that the nation might call him father?' Somebody ought to say of Lady MACBETH that she was made childless, that no one might call her mother-in-law. Neat thing that! Somebody ought to send it to PUNCHINELLO. By Jove! what a mother-in-law that woman would have made. Or what a landlady; with the Weird Sisters to prepare the morning hash!"

"Well! MACBETH can't do every thing; and we ought not to expect it. A man who plays HAMLET as well as he does, can't possibly play MACBETH. As well might we ask TENNYSON to turn Ward politician. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for building MOLLENHAUER so splendid a theatre, and for giving us the best Iago and the best HAMLET that we have ever seen, or ever shall see. And so, I for one am ready to forget and forgive when he falls as MACBETH, and does not succeed as ROMEO."

MATADOR.

Grant on Cuba.

THE President is really in favor of the recognition of Cuba, with a view of ultimate annexation. He wants to have his Havanas a home production.

Robbery at the Mines.

It is not strange that robberies are so frequent in the California mining regions, a country in which the mountains are full of Pyrites.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Strained Verses Dedicated to Unstrained Water.

BY A FILTERER.

BRING a glass of sparkling water,
Fill the goblet to the brim,
Let the microscopic critters
Take in it a harmless swim.

Here are meat and drink united,
Life, indeed, in this we see;
Who'd exchange so rich a fluid
For the baser eau de vie?

Give us, then, no ale nor porter,
Logwood wine, nor other drugs;
But a glass of sparkling water
Filled with sportive little bugs.

Musical and Mechanical.

THE coopers of New-York City intend to start an organ. It will be a hand-organ, of course, for hand-organs have been Barrel-organs from time immemorial.



"Ho! HANGELINA, HANGELINA HADAMS, COME TO THE HALLEY-WINDOW AND SEE A 'OSS WITH HIS 'OOFS TURNED UP!"

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE.)

DOWNING STREET, LONDON, April 16, A.M.

I HAVE, as ordered, made extensive arrangements for a world-wide correspondence for PUNCHINELLO. Knowing your want of confidence in the party called, so truly and briefly, the "Press Ass," who sends over accounts of horse-races, etc., with an occasional item of news, I have wires connecting this office with Paris, Madrid, Rome, and other places of consequence. A special delegate of PUNCHINELLO has been already admitted to a seat in the Ecumenical Council. Pope PIUS remarked kindly that he was the only person there who honestly told what he came for. His Holiness enjoyed, also, a hearty laugh at his first interview; the subject being the proper title and costume of our delegate. It was concluded, as he was somewhat dark in complexion, to dub him Bishop of 'Ngami; which, you know, is one of those places that LIVINGSTONE (is he living, though?) found out. When any body questioned him, the said delegate was immediately to talk 'ngammon Latin; and His Holiness would interpret it to the council, as being the African for infallibility. It's wonderful how well this jolly dog gets on, with his dogmas and dog Latin together.

Now for news. After all, the most remarkable event has happened on your side of the water; but as Philadelphia is further from New-York than New-York is from Philadelphia, (the latter is so slow.) I don't believe you have heard it yet. There is a railroad, well known thereabouts, going to Germantown. Well, the event is, that the board of directors of that road have—will you believe it? I hardly do—ordered a new car—a palace-car! The way it happened was that, owing to the large use of cattle-cars on the Pacific Railroad, no more second-hand cars could be got for a month or two, bad enough for the directors to buy; and there wasn't a builder in the country willing to make their kind of cars to order.

On this side of the "big pond," we have had nothing so laughable as the MORDAUNT case. The charge of the presiding judge to the Prince of Wales has not been correctly reported. I am told that he spoke thus: "Your Royal Highness is advised that, on this occasion, it is not expected that your Royal Highness should tell the truth, unless your Royal Highness pleases; indeed, your Royal Highness is rather advised not to tell the truth. Now, will your Royal Highness, acting under this advice, please to say, whether he did, or did not, ever do any thing naughty?" Some one said to me at the time—are there not some mortals that will dye beyond whitewashing? But I be-

lieve that Wales always was moral, is moral, and always will be moral, (Balmoral!) Now, this last assertion I call news! Is it reliable?

More about Yokohama. An English sailor, from Captain EYRE's vessel, is said to have murdered a Japanese, in cold blood, to rob his house. A court sat upon the case; and, after trial, pronounced this decision: "We regret to be obliged to find, that the man, CHAN-JUN, lost his life by an incision of his throat; and that the knife which made the incision was in the hand of the sailor called BILL BLINKS, of the Bombay. While, therefore, it would have been, undoubtedly, much better if the man CHAN-JUN, and his house, had been out of the way of the said BILL BLINKS, who by their proximity was placed under a temptation, we are unwillingly compelled to regret that BLINKS should have made an unfortunate incision of this kind. We are therefore of the opinion that the said WILLIAM BLINKS ought not to be allowed to have any grog for at least six days." This very severe sentence was, we are told, afterward remitted by request of Captain EYRE.

Our Roman delegate sends me word to-day, that, the Pope's gardener at the Vatican setting out a variety of early spring plants, every one of them came up a Hyacinth! One after another was sent to pot; but, hydra-headed, still they come! By the way, it is said that two newly noted people in the church are Frère JONQUIL and Sœur DAFRODIL; another is a negro priest, black as two ravens, and he is called Father CROCUS.

ROCHEFORT, we learn, the other day refused to eat any thing, because his prison food was at the cost of the Emperor's government. M. OLIVIER forthwith sent him a polite autograph note of congratulation; telling him that this was the first act of his, public or private, of which he approved; and in the result of which the government, people, and world would take satisfaction. ROCHEFORT, after reading the note, twisted it up to light a cigarette, and then told his jailer to bring in his dinner! You can't please that man.

M. CHARLES has just been appointed *Curator of Autographs* at the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, with VRAIN LUCAS as his secretary. This gives general satisfaction.

Miss ANNE B—, of Philadelphia, who lives at Rome, has just written a charming song, with music for the piano, entitled, "Liszt, O Liszt!" The most famous *aria*, however, there now, is the malaria. Rome is sick. The people are sick of the Pope and his priests; the Pope is sick of the Council; the bishops are sick of each other; and travellers are sick of fever. *Sic transit!*

Let me tell you of my experience, for one day, with the "Press Ass" of the Cable. On getting here, finding him to be amicable, I tried him on. He gave me, for news, to send over to PUNCHINELLO, the following:

GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Times* has an article this morning upon the quality of Virginia tobacco. It speaks with great respect of the authority of Ex-Governor HENRY A. WISE upon that subject.

Mr. GLADSTONE was affected last night with a severe pain in his stomach. On going to his place in the House, he was overheard to say, "It must have been that cabbage." This morning he is better.

10 A.M. Mr. GLADSTONE did not say, "It was that cabbage;" but, "It was those beans."

12 A.M. Right Hon. Mr. GLADSTONE is not any better. It is now doubtful whether it was the beans or the cabbage.

2 P.M. The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE is a little better, but ate only a light dinner. Mr. BRIGHT thinks it was the beans.

Now, my dear PUNCHINELLO, by this time I began to think it *must* be the beans, and so I sent word to my despi-telegraphic correspondent that *that would do*. And so it will, also, from your correspondent,

PRIME.

Women's Rights, Again.

DENVER is said to be all agog about a performer named ANNIE CORRELLA, who plays solos on the cornet. This is the latest manifestation of the Women's Rights movement, brass instruments having hitherto been played exclusively by masculine lips and lungs. "Blowing" through brass is very characteristic of the advocates of Women's Emancipation; and the next thing we shall hear, perhaps, is that the ladies of the *Revolution* have organized themselves into a brass band, and taken to serenading HORACE GREELEY.

Latest Fashionable Intelligence from the Plains.
INDIANS' war-(w)hoops.

Our Future.

PUNCHINELLO believes in a future. He believes in it first for himself, second for his country, and third for other people. He considers his own future very good and gorgeous, of course. He considers that of his country as very hopeful. It has room to grow, and grows. It has appetite to eat by day and to sleep by night. It eats and sleeps. It rises in the morning refreshed and lively. It washes its face in the Atlantic, and its feet in the Pacific. It raises great eagles, great lakes and rivers, and has a very large, and wise, and honest Congress. Its members of Congress are all pure, unsullied men. Not a stain rests on their proud, marble-like brows—not much. The future of PUNCHINELLO will be, to borrow from the poet, a "big thing." Its genial, mellow, shining face will continue to beam through uncounted ages—as long as beams can be procured, at whatever cost. Its good things will be household words as long as households are held. It will keep its temper very sweet, its age very green, and its flavor very sparkling. It will help the country to get on in its future, and be always glad to give government a good turn. If government wants any money, it will be PUNCHINELLO's pleasure and privilege to launch it out. PUNCHINELLO has faith in countries and governments, and thinks if such matters were not in existence, its own prosperity would be affected. It therefore says to government, "Go on—be good, and you'll be happy. Grow up in the way you are bent, and when you get old, you'll be there." It sees a gigantic future for the country. It sees the Polar sea running with warm water, the North Pole maintaining a magnificent perpendicularity, and the Equinoctial Line extended all around the earth, including Hoboken and Hull. It sees its millions of people happy in their golden (greenback and currency) prosperity, and also happy in a full supply of PUNCHINELLO to every family. It sees its favorite Bird of Freedom spread its wings from Maine to Oregon; from Alaska to the Gulf, and it trusts its wings will not be hurt or lose a single feather in the spread. It sees itself—PUNCHINELLO, not COLUM-

BIA—enter upon its thousandth volume as youthful and pretty as a June rose, and as vigorous as a colt. It sees the time when one Fourth of July will not go round the national family, and from two to half a dozen will have to be provided.

Mind your P's and Q's.

COMMITTEES of State Legislatures are apt to use very slipshod English in drafting their bills. This should not be. How can they expect to Parse a bill unless it is couched in grammatical language?

Taking a Senator's Measure.

APROPOS of a recent debate in the Senate at Washington, a paragraph states that "CARPENTER made SUMNER seem very small." The carpenter who made SUMNER is not to blame for this. In the first place, Mr. SUMNER's Measures are very difficult to take. In the second place, the best Cabinet-makers have failed to make Mr. SUMNER appear very large. In the third and last place, Ebony, which is the only wood with which Mr. SUMNER has any affinity, is a mighty hard material to work, even when treated with the application of a Fifteenth Amendment.

The Maine Question in Massachusetts.

IF New-York has had but little skating during the past winter, Massachusetts just now displays a good deal of backsliding. Her legislators have "gone back on" their liquor-bill, which they have modified to suit their habits, and, should it become law, the druggists of the Bay State will be at liberty to sell Bay and every other kind of rum in quantities to suit purchasers. *Sic semper* Massachusetts! the English of which is, that Massachusetts will always keep Sick so long as liquor is to be had for physic.

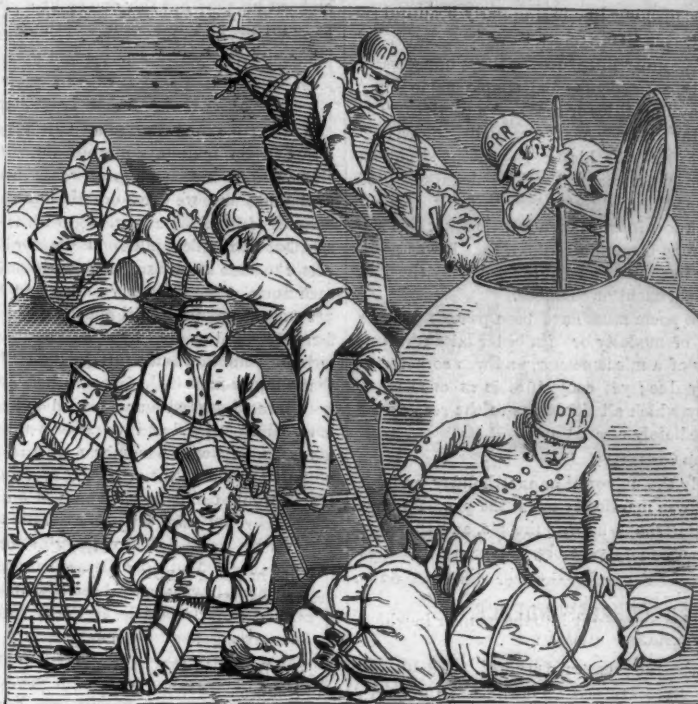
Trying to the Patients.

It is widely stated, though we cannot vouch for it as a fact, that the poultices used in St. Luke's Hospital are supplied from the too celebrated pavement of Fifth Avenue.

"Cometh up as a Flower."

It is stated that Père HYACINTHE is about to take a wife.

That's right—Pair, HYACINTHE.

**THE PNEUMATIC TUBE.
EX-PRESSURE OF THE FUTURE.**

THEY SAY THE SPHERES MUST BE TIGHTLY PACKED, AND THIS IS HOW IT IS GOING TO BE—WHEN THEY CARRY PASSENGERS.



PROPHETIC VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

THE EPISODE OF JACK HORNER.

PROBABLY there is no choicer specimen of English literature than the familiar stanza which we herewith reproduce:

"Little JACK HORNER sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas-pie,
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

Although comprised in merely four lines, it contains more instructive truths and rarer beauties than some volumes whose pages can be enumerated by the hundred. The opening line is singularly beautiful:

"Little JACK HORNER sat in a corner."

Here we have the subject gracefully introduced without unnecessary palaver or reference to family antecedents—the simple name given without a long rigmarole of dazzling titles or senseless adjectives. The Muse is neither pathetically invoked nor anathematically abused, but the author proceeds at once to describe his hero's present situation, which, it strangely appears, is in "a corner." The indefiniteness of the locality—a corner—is not of the slightest moment; for it does not concern the general reader to know in what corner little JACK was stationed. Suffice it, as is apparent from the context, that it was not a corner in Erie, nor in grain; but rather an angle formed by the juxtaposition of two walls of an apartment or chamber.

Now, truly the subject of the poem must have been possessed either of an extraordinary modicum of modesty or of a bitter misanthropy; or possibly he had been guilty of a misdemeanor, and was cornered to expiate the punishment justly due; yet conjecture is at once made certain in the second line, by which all doubts as to the reasons for his being in a corner are immediately cleared up:

"Eating his Christmas-pie."

The occasion was indubitably the universal annual holiday, and his object in going to the corner was manifestly to eat the pie. Perhaps the object had an antecedent. Perhaps he *stole* the pie, and therefore wished to avoid observation; or, more possibly, supreme selfishness was his ruling passion, and he wished to eat it all by himself. As to this, however, we are left slightly in the fog.

In the third line, we are afforded an insight into the manner in which he partook of the Christmas delicacy:

"He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum."

Interesting scene! Here we have at least an inkling of the hero's powers of discrimination, and his regard for the little niceties of life. We have also a beautiful metaphorical allusion to the postulate that "fingers were made before forks," an assertion respecting the truth of which some antiquarians have expressed a doubt. We are not prepared to decide as to the propriety of leaving the substantials of life and employing sweets and frivolities to pamper the appetite—and there are other questions that naturally arise from the interesting circumstance noted above by the poet, but we will not dwell upon them here.

We proceed to the concluding verse.

The descriptive part of the narrative is ended, and we naturally expect a catastrophe in the *denouement*. We may at least suppose that HORNER made himself sick, if he did not actually choke to death from one of the plums he was voraciously eating. By no means. We are spared so painful a recital. All we know is, that he made a remark, evidently in soliloquy,

And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

This concluding line, pointless as it may appear, partially clears up the mystery as to his being in a corner. He certainly was not there for misdemeanor; for he was a "good boy," at least in his own estimation. What a happy faculty it is, in this world, for a man to have a good opinion of himself! It relieves life of much of its bitterness. We thus perceive that, while JACK was tasting the sweets of a Christmas-pie, he was also enjoying the sweets of self-contentment.

As we have seen, JACK HORNER is an historical personage; Christmas-pies are historical; and dainties with plums are historical. JACK was an old man, doubtless, when our great-grandmothers were very young—certainly before the war. The world has had full opportunity to profit by his virtuous example. Numberless little boys have been quieted to sleep by the rhyme of JACK HORNER judiciously applied, and numberless little ones, clamorous for more pudding and enlarged privileges at the dinner-table, owe the success of their appeals to this same HORNER. The moral, which runs all through the narrative, is one by which the world may profit, and should. It is a good thing; but like a great many things that are good, in the sense in which we

use the word, not relished. We much fear that the ancient, the historical JACK, is extinct. He was a moderate JACK. He only put in his thumb, when he might as well have put in his whole hand. The latter-day JACK is the representative of a numerous class possessing larger capacity and a greater dynamic capability. His pie is larger—has more and bigger plums. When we contrast the present JACK with the past, we blush for the comparison. When we encounter him in civic office or in the revenue service, we tremble for the plums. He is grasping, remorseless, ambitious. The old JACK was satisfied to sit in his corner and eat his pie; but this one seeks a pie of dimensions so extravagant as to fill the remotest corners of the globe; and, what is worse, he is—any thing but a Good Boy!

A Voice from "the Hub."

A GRATULATORY Bostonian writes us that PUNCHINELLO's voice (a Great Organ, tr'y) has reached the "Hub," and actually silenced the Great Organ of that pleasant rural town. So far, good; but he adds that Massachusetts takes umbrage at the first syllable of our name, on account of its being at variance with the prohibitory law of that pleasant but Puritanical State. Certainly, in a moral point of view, it is better to be in a Puritanical State than in a State of Punch; but Massachusetts, it is said, is very sly about the liquor business, and takes her "nips," regularly, behind the door. This may account, probably, for the "nipping air" by which so many of her denizens are characterized. The Bostonian further states of the inhabitants of the "Hub," that "liquor finds little favor in their eyes." Now, we are acquainted with three thousand four hundred and seventy-three Bostonians of the most solid "stripe," and we never yet knew one of them put liquor in his eye, wherever else he might stow it. That the great Boston I may be partially the result of liquor, is admissible; but then no true Bostonian would call it liquor, you see—he would call it I water.

Why, Oh! Why?

WHY has NAPOLEON III. a very salty taste just now? Because he prefers his hash with THIERS and without GRÉVY.

An Established Fact.

THE British Association have received £1055 toward a practical and comprehensive inquiry into the utilization of sewage. Bless your British associated hearts! The *Herald* has demonstrated that long ago—made editorials of it.

Rather Mixed.

THE *Jersey City Journal* of April 1st, (appropriate date,) contains the following advertisement:

"A few gentlemen can be accommodated with good board, washing, and ironing; or a gentleman and wife. Terms, \$6 per week; or two single ladies. Apply at—, corner of Newark avenue."

According to this advertisement, it appears that in Jersey a "gentleman and wife" are legal substitutes for "board, washing, and ironing." Now, it is bewildering to think how on earth a "gentleman and wife" could be made available in lieu of washing and ironing; while, on the other hand, the idea of serving up a "gentleman and wife" as "board," suggests the horrible idea that cannibalism is practised in New-Jersey. With regard to the terms, "\$6 per week" seems to be reasonable enough, though how "two single ladies" can be made legal tender for six dollars is absolutely maddening to the mind, inasmuch as average spinsters are far more apt to be tough than tender.

True.

THE *World* moves with the Sun.

Classic Grease.

A PARIS grocer ornaments his shop-windows with a bust of ROCHEFORT, done in lard, with prunes for eyes. After this, let us hear no more of the sculptures of classic Greece. But why prunes? Why, to signify that after the funeral of VICTOR NOIR he dried his eyes.

A Little Berlin Game.

BISMARCK has sent Herr SILK to Pekin, to wind himself around the Celestial emperor's heart, and also to make a cocoon for the Tycoon of Japan, after worming himself into his affections. Perhaps, for being such a darin' man, he may be made a mandarin!

A NOTARY'S PROTEST.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I protest against certain annoyances to which a man in my office is subjected. Whereby it must be understood that I refer to myself and my official position, not to the nine by twelve apartment where the wicked and perverse can always find my sign without much seeking.

The drift of all this is, that I refer to Bore. It is not new, I know; if it were, a New Sense might be shown by telling whether it came from me originally. I believe that in all walks of life man's inhumanity to man is mainly manifested by boring. Sometimes this is said to have been done in past time, because the greatest "blower" known to the ancients was called Old Bore as we know, and POLYPHEMUS complained of having been bored by ULYSSES.

Let not the patient reader be alarmed now; for I am of a retiring disposition, and am here indisposed to tire by dilating upon a class of people who always Die Late enough of themselves. But I will say that the worst bores with which a notary has to deal, are those who come to swear, (and go out sworn,) and who either forget to pay or haven't the change to pay right. Several such patronize me—changelessly. Singularly enough, all hail from Boston, so that it is no wonder that I cry, All hail, Boston! Here comes General X—, who swears and tenders me an X, and asks for change. Then I swear myself, and say, with HAMLET, that I will change that word with him; whereupon he puts the bill in his pocket and goes *da mit*, which conduct is both German to the transaction and Dutch to me. Again, enters Mr. KOPFER, affably takes an affidavit, and finds, to his grief and astonishment, that he has but eleven cents in his pocket. Of course, he has coppered and won. But why—tell me why, could he not have given me the sentiment, which I had a right to expect from him? He bears the stamp of a bad Kopfer; a regular old Nick, and has done that unbecoming thing so often that it is becoming monotonous. And General X—and Mr. K—are types of a large class who come before me to take acknowledgments and the like, for whom I have no liking; who may as well acknowledge now, severally each for himself, (the aforesaid Nick being for all of them,) that they do take the same, and then, like men shunning fees, go without mentioning fees once, which is surely misfeasance, in the eye of the law. The Dues take them; why should men of means be so mean?

Then there is the man who stays; who is always the coming man, but never the going one. And there is the beggar woman, who enters my office like a ghost, and is a very great bore indeed. But of course beggars are bores of which every office has plenty. Every body knows these characters, however, and owes them too—one, at least, does. Well, it is hard that because a man is bored dead at his boarding-house he can't have peace in his office, and so I have made my protest against the bores, as I said I would. A NOTARY.

A War of Castes.

THE Michigan University has been unsuccessful in its search for a President, as it has not offered enough to induce acceptance on the part of those to whom it has tendered the honor. It seems to be a case where the Hire and Lore classes come in conflict.

An Old Story, even Here.

THE papers tell of a dog-race which is to take place at San Francisco, and some of them add that a dog-race is a common thing in England, but a novelty here; as if the canine Race were something new in America!

Shock-ing Intelligence.
ANOTHER earthquake in San Francisco.

PUNCHINELLO ON THE JURY.

PUNCHINELLO has been summoned on the jury. He is asked to try a murderer. PUNCHINELLO is kind-hearted. He wishes neither to put himself in suspense in a jury-box, nor a murderer so in a sheriff's box that the murderer shall finally be put in suspense. PUNCHINELLO is to be asked whether he has formed or expressed an opinion upon the subject of the guilt or the innocence of the murderer, or whether he feels any bias against an accused. Such questions, in PUNCHINELLO's opinion, are nonsensical. Jurors nowadays are influenced more through their stomachs than through their heads or their hearts. Let a juror, when he comes to be challenged, be rather asked, "Had you a good or a bad breakfast?" "Were you out late last night?" "Have you had the dyspepsia lately?" "Are you bilious?" "Do you habitually eat fried bacon or Welsh rarebit?" "Do you afflict yourself with reading the *Tribune*?" "Can you digest stewed lobster or apple-dumpling?" so that whenever a juror shall be found freed from dyspepsia, or to be a good sleeper, or a man who can digest even the new Tariff or the Income Tax, it is PUNCHINELLO's opinion that such a juror will make a capital chap to listen complacently to lawyers, keep patience with witnesses, respect the judge, laugh at the crier, smile at the reporters, give "true deliverances," and contribute something toward redeeming our boasted Anglo-Saxon jury system.

The Difference.

SALT Lake City and Chicago represent the extreme ends of the social scale. In one place you get as many wives as you like; in the other it is quite as easy to get rid of them.

Boston out of the Clouds.

THERE is talk of reviving the old ordinance in Boston against smoking in the streets. This will aim a blow at side stove-pipes as well as at meerschaums; but, fortunately, it will not prevent the smoking of hams or of perpendicular chimneys.

"THIERS IDLE THIERS."

A NEWSPAPER item conveys the interesting intelligence that THIERS, the renowned statesman and historian, consumes snuff to the amount of a quarter of a pound daily. That M. THIERS is thoroughly "up to snuff" every body knows; but that he has so much idle time on his

hands as to be able to use a quarter of a pound of it daily, will be news to most people. Let any one of our readers try it. Let him be ever so "good at a pinch," he will find that to feed his proboscis from a quarter of a pound of snuff until he has reached the last pinch, would take up, at a moderate computation, no less than eight hours at a stretch, allowing reasonable intervals for sneezing and blowing his nose. Evidently the story is an idle one—more idle than M. THIERS ever could have been. Perhaps it was "pinching" poverty in the way of items that drove the itemizer to invent it. At any rate, he has made a "mull" of it.

Apropos of Susan B. Anthony.

"WAS ever woman in this humor One?"

A Gale Brewing.

BOSTON is agitating a reproduction of the Coliseum, and GILMORE hints at an orchestra of three thousand, with eighteen hundred wind instruments. A gale far more disastrous than that memorable south-easter of last autumn may therefore be expected.



SUN-STRUCK.

SHOWING HOW PARSEE DANA WORSHIPS HIS LUMINARY.



WOMAN IN WALL STREET.

Lady Broker, (to applicant for stock.) "O DEAR, DEAR! HOW CAN I ATTEND TO BUSINESS WHEN I'VE THE BABY TO MIND?"

CHAT ABOUT RAILROADS.

PARTIES: A Simpleton from the Wilderness, and a Misanthropic Traveller.

[The Simpleton asks for information.]

"THEY say that railroads now an't safe.
Say, mister, how is that?"
It comes of "accidents," my friend—
Where cheap rails spread out flat,
Cheap axles break, cheap boilers burst,
Cheap trestle-work gives way:
No wonder, when you think of that,
They kill a man a day!

Well, folks must travel; must go fast;
Must take the cars—and risk;
They can't afford a Special Train,
Like VANDERBILT or FISK;
They know a curve that's pretty sharp,
A bank that's pretty steep,
Rocks that may roll upon the track,
"Sleepers" that never sleep;

Here was a "smash-up" not long since,
That killed about a score;
Two trains "collided" yesterday,
And maimed a dozen more.
But, go they must—by railroad, too,
And all its risks defy:
For no American believes
That he will ever die!

[The Simpleton, with open mouth, further questions the Traveller.]

"In God's name, citizen, pray tell
How this can go on, so!"
You ask a simple thing, my friend,
As I will quickly show.

Directors know their countrymen,
And that is why we bleed:
So long as nothing's done to them,
The slaughter will proceed.

It's so in coal-mines, so in mills;
It's so on steamboats, too;
We're killed by hundreds, every year:
But what's a man to do?

These harpies make our laws for us—
Or do so through their tools:
No doubt we seem to all the world
A wretched pack of fools!

We are so busy! We've no time
To see that all is right!
We'll give the danger all our thoughts—
The moment it's in sight!
Cheap iron and cheap souls, my friend,
Have cursed us all along.
But what possesses you, good friend?
I'm sure there's nothing wrong!

[The Simpleton from the Wilderness is terribly excited.]

"I warn 'em not to serve me so!
They'll rue it, if they do!"

No axle, wheel, nor rail must break;
No bridge must let me through!
No other train must smash up ours;
No culvert fall away;
The scaly boiler mustn't burst;
And here cows mustn't stray!

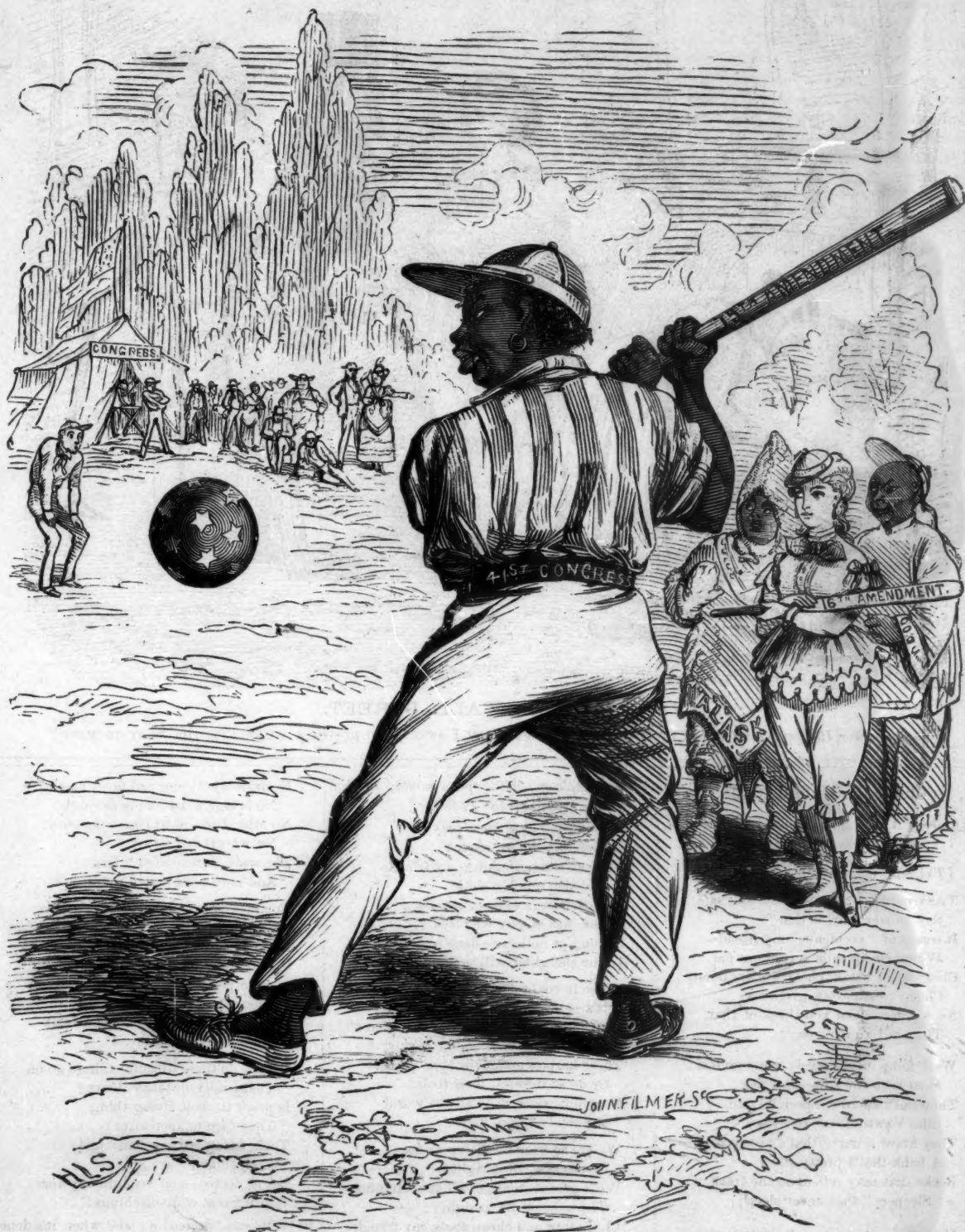
"Conductors' watches must keep time;
Switch-tenders must "know beans,"
And engineers keep wide awake
And know what duty means:
And (in particular) no fiend
Must take into his head
To throw my train off down a bank
For spite, or even bread!

"What! do these dreadful things go on
That companies may thrive?
Is profit the sole living thing
They care to keep alive?
Then, fellow-citizen, rouse up!
For you and I are kings!
Let us decree—and straightway have
A different state of things!"

["Well, you 'decree' it; and when it's done, please let me know," remarks the Misanthropic Traveller.]

Sugar-Cane.

THE friends of WILLIAM TWEED, in presenting a cane to him the other evening, desired to show the Young Democracy how many there are who stick to him.



THE GREAT NATIONAL GAME.

OUR COLORED BROTHER. "HI YAH! STAN' BACK DAR; IT'S DIS CHILE'S INNIN'S NOW."

TUTTI TREMANDO!



RUANT Bards! where are the Triumphal Odes and the Congratulatory Poems which should have greeted Mr. PUNCHINELLO, who, after deserting his beloved Italy, after a stormy voyage and unspeakable sea-sickness, has arrived here with a view of settling and of becoming a citizen (having already filed his first papers) of this magnificent Republic? Where are the poets who should have greeted the venerable and illustrious voyager? Imbeciles! See you not that your congratulatory work would have been easy? That PUNCHINELLO rhymes to fellow (good) and to mellow, (decidedly,) to say

nothing of bellow, (a proper word for singers,) and to yellow, (although into this and the sear leaf we most decidedly have not fallen, in spite of our three or four hundred years.) Had we but been a Prince, and called VICTORIA R. our mother, we should ere this have been invited to balls enough to ruin our small legs, and dinners enough to destroy our great digestion. Yet, if it should come to the comparison of pedigrees, the Signor PUNCHINELLO feels that he could knock these princelings into a cocked hat, (or shall we say a cocked coronet?) Mr. PUNCHINELLO proudly knows that he is His Own Ancestor and the Perpetual Renewer of his own Patent of Nobility.

Gentlemen poets, it is too late! We will not now have your melodious ovations at any price! It would be a pretty piece of business indeed, if, after sounding our own trumpet for ages, as we may say, we should now succumb to an idiotic modesty. Do you not understand that we were sonorously beating our own drum when the Onondaga Giant was a mere baby? We shall continue to play upon both these private instruments. If we consider ourselves to be wise above our fellow-creatures, witty to a degree most extraordinary, more Senatorial by nature and experience than most of the Potents and Graves in Washington; if we know ourselves (and we hope we do) to be polished, polite, and profound, why should we go hunting about for a bushel to put our light under? Away with modesty! Can printer's ink blush? Who blames the *Tribunes* and the *Heralds* and the *Worlds* and the *Timeses* for vaunting a circulation which seems to defy mortal numeration? A pretty market we should have brought our fish to, if we should now squeamishly decline to wind our own mellow horn!

If there be any poetical gentleman who desires to write an Epic (in not less than twenty-four Books) on the Life and Adventures of PUNCHINELLO, to be printed on vellum paper, with profuse illustrations, and bound in morocco, this ambitious and worthy person has our full permission to go ahead, and may he find (which we do not believe he will) a publisher sensible enough to produce his work!

New-England versus New-York.

AN item of literary news states that—

"William R. Cutter, Esq., of Woburn, Mass., is preparing a history of the Cutter family of New-England."

This brings New-England directly into collision with New-York. The "Cutter family" was never, perhaps, so fully represented anywhere as it now is in this city. Cutters are continually cutting each other down with knives. Other Cutters—of a less harmful kind—are contented with cutting their own throats, not always to the loss of the world, indeed, but invariably to the profit of the Coroner. Then there are shoals of Cutters who cut and run with funds belonging to others, and of such is Collector BAILEY. Unfortunately, there are very few Cutters in New-York who "cut their coats according to their cloth;" but, to compensate for this, the "diamond cut diamond" variety of Cutter is very common indeed. Altogether it would take an ocean of ink and a promontory of paper to write the history of the Cutter family of New-York.

RELIGIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

THE amusement-seeker must be thought of, even on a Sunday. For life is a most chillingly vaporous affair (reminding one of washing-day in November) without a liberal sprinkling of liveliness. Recognizing this truth, our religious brethren begin to impart zest to their Sunday services by seizing on any passing incident of uncommon raciness, such as a particularly enterprising murder or an exceptionally comprehensive railroad accident, for the text of a sermon or the thrilling theme of an evening lecture. Any thing to fill the house. Thus, we find that "The late Terrible Calamity which befell BANGMAN DONELEY and Family" was advertised as the current attraction in the "West—th Street United Presbyterian Church," a Sunday or two since. A fine theme! Full of nicely harrowing details. It must have drawn well. We are not informed whether the reverend sensationist had a "real house" made with which to illustrate the overwhelming incident; and some "real people," including children, to be (apparently) crushed when it got blown over, (the blowing being done by himself;) but here was a nice chance for dramatic effect.

And the same Sunday a rival attraction was advertised in the dedication of a new Catholic Church, with "Music by a select choir and orchestra. Admission, \$1. Reserved seats, \$1.50." Reduced admission fee to the "Grand Dedication Vespers" in the evening. We do not know whether there were opera-glasses on hire, but presume that the comfort of the audience was carefully attended to.

Really, Sunday is not so stupid a day, after all!

Crispin's Last.

"ABOUT women's rights," says he, "there's a great deal of useless talk. And then nobody says any thing about women's lefts. Now, it's my opinion that lefts are as hard to fit as rights, especially with widows and single women. And as for suffrage, women suffer most from having too little sole, and too much heel. MILL, to be sure! He may be well enough on the Floss, but he's not much on leather, believe that!"

A Western Boucicault.

THE *Chicago Republican*, says a Dubuque author, has written a drama called "The Ten Squaws." There should be much Indiannity in the plot of such a play.

FABLE.

(BY OLD AESOP HIMSELF.)

ONCE there was a large city that had the same name as the State to which it belonged. The people of the State made laws for the city, because some of the citizens of the city had declared that life and property were not safe unless they did so. But the majority of the citizens disliked this kind of government so much that they began to find themselves very discontented and unhappy. At length they decided to pray to Fate (which meant the Voters of the State) to relieve them from the burden under which they were groaning, and restore their power. Then Fate heard their cries and lamentations, and was kind enough to come to their relief. "Now, why don't you use your power?" she asked. "Oh!" said the late unhappy, and indeed wretched majority, "we only wanted a chance to quarrel a little among ourselves, and call each other hard names." "Couldn't you have done that before?" asked Fate. "Why do you give me all this trouble?" "To tell the truth," said the Majority, "when we wash, we like to show our dirty linen; and we couldn't let enough people see it without getting you to help us." "Well," said Fate, "in future you'll get no assistance from me in washing your foul linen. If you like to be known as dirty people, go on being dirty, and every body that has nose and eyes will finally understand you."

Punchinello in Erie.

IN the *Tribune's* report of the arguments on the Erie case before the Assembly Committee on Railroads, Mr. BURT is said to have stated his belief that Mr. CROUCH is a contributor to PUNCHINELLO. Our best thanks are due to Mr. BURT for his "first-rate notice," though, at the same time, we wish to inform him that no contributor of the name of CROUCH has hitherto made his appearance in these columns. To speak plainly, PUNCHINELLO never Crouches. As he has no "alouch" about him, so he has no Crouch.



PAT-RATIOCINATION.

First Political Economist. "AFTER ALL, THE BIG MASS OF THE PEOPLE MUST FORM THE GREAT BULK OF THE POPULATION."

Second ditto. "THRU FOR YOU, BARRIN' THEY GET INTO THE MINORITY BY THE OVERWHELMIN' NUMBERS OF THE PRIVILEGED FEW."

BOYHOOD.

THERE can be no reason to doubt that METHUSELAH was blessed with a tolerably vigorous constitution. The ordeal through which we pass to maturity, at present, probably did not belong to the Antediluvian Epoch. Whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, and croup are comparatively modern inventions. They and the doctors came in after the flood; and the gracious law of compensation, in its rigorous inflexibility, sets these over against the superior civilization of our golden age. At a time when the court-dress of our ancestors was composed of fig-leaves, or of imperfectly dressed skins—nothing like the Astrachans of the nineteenth century—it would certainly have been very inconvenient to coddle ailing infantry through an attack of diphtheria, for example. So bountiful Nature, then in the first blush of maidenhood, doubtless brought the long-lived Patriarch through his nine hundred and sixty-nine years without once calling in the family medical adviser. It is recorded, however, that he was born and that he died, and he therefore certainly passed through that stage of existence called Boyhood. And as he was nearly two hundred years old at the birth of his first-born, it is reasonable to suppose that the adolescent period was frightfully prolonged in his case. Just imagine a youngster of a hundred and ten or fifteen stealing apples or running to fires! The revelations of ethnology, which is too youthful a science to reveal a great deal, do not oppose the theory of all matured humanity, to wit, that the animal boy is the same in all ages and in all races, an Ishmaelite, and Ara, an Outlaw, hedged in and restrained by laws and customs, it may be, but innately antagonistic to society.

The Philosophers who have traced humanity through all stages of its development, from the Aphis creeping on the rose-leaf to the full-grown specimen in the person of a Member of Congress, have wisely and invariably omitted all notice of boyhood in their lists of gradations and transitions. Any thing like a fair examination of this particular development scatters their doctrines to the four winds. Because the integrity of the gradation system depends upon the recognition of the full status of the Man, as much in infancy as in maturity, and this status to use their own technicality, is that of the "Lord of Gradation." Consequently, the intermediate gradations, in transmitting their

salient traits to the next higher development, could not part with their own identity, or send these distinguishing characteristics, in one fell swoop, through many stages, only to reappear at last in the upper type, and only between infancy and manhood, and only in one sex. This argument is overwhelming, and the present purpose is to elucidate it by more particular examination.

It is proper, in the first place, to gather a blossom from the negative side of the discussion. Boys are not girls. While dogs, and foxes, pigeons and ducks, have each a generic term applicable to both sexes, there is a tacit understanding in civilized localities that boys compose a distinct genus. They are, in the eye of the law, considered human, probably because they eventually pass from boyhood to humanity. There is an old nursery rhyme which marks the distinguishing characteristics of juvenile members of society with remarkable accuracy:

"What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And every thing nice,
Such are little girls made of.
What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails
And puppy-dog tails,
Such are little boys made of!"

There is so apparent an air of probability about this terse statement of the case, that it has satisfied the insatiable curiosity of infantile minds for long ages. Little girls never doubt it, and little boys never contradict it. If Paterfamilias has any thoughts upon the subject, he probably thinks this expenditure of snaps and snails was a great waste of raw material. Girls may be romps and hoydens, vixens and scolds, but the sugar and spice will always be detected, and, with all drawbacks allowed, the little girl is still entitled to Mr. MANTALINI's cognomen of "demnition sweetness." At least, this is the universal verdict of society. From the time when she dons her first *chignon*, (which never matches the native hair, by the by,) she is nearly angelic, with some few exceptions, perhaps, after marriage.

In the way of direct proof, to return to the muttons, it may be ob-

A Rather Flashy Idea.

WITH regard to heating the Hôtel Dieu Hospital, in Paris, by electricity, a contemporary has remarked, "Of course, we know nothing of the apparatus by which this result is accomplished in Paris; but we had the opportunity of witnessing on Wednesday last, at the Winder building, the experiments of Dr. LEIGH BURTON in applying electricity for warming railroad cars, which were entirely successful and satisfactory." Of course, we know nothing about it either; but we hope the new method is a great improvement on the old one, as we have several times witnessed from the Winder, buildings, barns especially, heated by electricity in a very unsatisfactory manner.

"On Two, Richmond!"

RICHARD III. fancied that there were "two RICHMONDS in the field." Singularly coincidental with this, and well worth the attention of Shakespearean scholars, is the fact that Richmond, Va., is now running two mayors. Of course, Richmond, Va., cannot now be looked upon as a "one-horse" town.

Ritualistic.

ONE of the latest allurements held out by the managers of a celebrated "high" church in this city, is a "three hours' agony"—which is about the most appropriate name for a long and tedious sermon we remember ever to have heard.

served that the next link to manhood, in the philosopher's chain, is that highly attractive animal which M. DU CHAILLU has recently introduced to the general public. The points of resemblance betwixt the Gorilla and the Boy are numerous and striking. In most cases, the two animals have an equally pleasing exterior. They both have the ability to climb giddy heights, inaccessible to any other wingless biped. Their language is not dissimilar, the same unintelligible chatter being characteristic of both. As the argument proceeds, it will be seen that distinctive traits belonging to lower classes of the animal kingdom are totally extinct in the Gorilla, while they are emphatically visible in his successor.

Thus, taking the Laughing Hyena as the next illustration, it will be remembered by all students of GOLD-SMITH'S *Animated Nature*, that this amiable quadruped invariably exercises his risibles when he is crunching the bones of some other less truculent quadruped. It is "solitary, cruel, and untamable, digs its food out of graves," cachinnating the while like a thousand or fifteen hundred of brick. There are other ravenous beasts in the world; but this one is peculiar in that he laughs over his work, which is also his pastime. Now, if you wish to hear a Boy laugh—a horse-laugh, a giant-laugh—just put some other animal, human or otherwise, through a course of torture. Twist a pig's tail until it comes out; or, if you don't like the occupation, the Boy will cheerfully do it—and will drown the squeal of the porker in his own uproarious merriment. What do you suppose were the age and sex of the inventor of the game called "Tying a tin kettle to a dog's tail?" And do you suppose this inventor stood by, in silent gravity, to witness the success of the experiment? The yelp of the astounded dog, and the clatter of the kitchen utensil so strangely misplaced, were doubtless swallowed up in the loud guffaws of the Laughing Hyena on two legs.

Another link is discovered in the person of the useful and ornamental domestic animal who is popularly supposed to furnish the material for sausages. The accidental discovery of a suspender-button, or the claw of a kitten, in the sausage, gave rise to some doubt as to the composition of this favorite edible; but statisticians usually admit that hog-meat forms the staple. Doctor KANE speaks in glowing terms of the excellence of rats when mixed with due proportions of walrus blubber, and cut out in frozen chunks, probably with a cold-chisel. Why this fierce rodent should make more savory meat than the innocent kitten, does not appear. The latter is certainly much nicer to play with, in the ante-mortem state. But this is a digression. Returning, therefore, not to the mutton, but to the pork, consider the distinctive habits of both pig and Boy at meal-time, and see how nearly identical they are. Watch the innocent in bristles as he places his graceful right paw upon the ear of corn, while he shells and masticates. Turn to the innocent in broadcloth, and notice how he clutches the succulent turkey-leg, and how rapidly he polishes the femoral bone. Throw a second ear of the cereal in the trough, and observe how promptly the left paw secures it, lest it should be transformed into lard through the agency of a companion pig. Place the other turkey-leg, both wings, three slices of breast, the side-bone and plenty of "stuffin'" within reach of the other embryo, and notice the glare of his famished eye, if some other plate than his is presented. You would fancy he had been exploring the route of another ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and had tasted no food for twenty-two days.

Neither are the post-prandial habits of the two animals under consideration dissimilar. The corn-cracker betakes himself to some sunny

spot, where there is abundance of mud, and aids digestion by wallowing. So does the Boy, especially if he is in dinner costume. If the quadruped can get into a garden and root up unreplaceable flowers and fruits, before he retires to his lair, his bias is perfect. So the Boy; if he can manage to break two or three windows, tear his best clothes into ribbons, chase the family cat up a tree with hound, whoop, and halloo, and then stone her out of it, and, as she with thickened tail scampers to some more secure retreat, follow her with hoots and missiles—he also retires, conscious that the day has not been wasted. And,

finally, upon this parallelism betwixt Pig and Puer one patent point of resemblance may be mentioned. Rouse up a pig, any hour of the day or night, with his maw full to the gullet, and offer him a little more, another ear of corn, another bucket of swill, and you will be sure of his prompt acceptance. And place before a boy, immediately after an astounding dinner, if you choose, any thing edible, apples, cakes, pudding, or cold potatoes, and if *his* maw will not accommodate the additional stowage, you send for the doctor, knowing that the dear child is ill, that the symptoms are novel, and that the case is urgent.

The reference to the history of METHUSELAH with which this paper began was not without a purpose. It was to suggest the inquiry whether or not the *vim* which prolonged his days would have sufficed to bring him through *two* courses of Boyhood. It is not unusual to hear grown people talk of "living their youthful days over again;" but the examples of those who have gone through this ordeal are very rare. The amount of wear and tear, the expenditure of vital force, involved in the transit from infancy to manhood cannot be estimated. The abrasions of later life do not compare with the rubs of Boyhood; because none of the aids of experience and philosophy are attainable by the tyro, who lives upon his inherent *vis vitalis*, as his kinsman in the frozen zone subsists upon his own fat during long intervals of torpidity.



PERSONAL GOSSIP.

(From the daily press.)

"ONE OF OUR BEST POETS AND MAGAZINE WRITERS IS A CLERK IN A GROCERY OF THIS CITY."

THE FOUR SEASONS.

[An ancient Scottish ballad written in America in 1870, to show how much may be said by the judicious and economical use of a very few words.]

Beneath the trees in sweet spring-time,
In sweet spring-time, in sweet spring-time,
Beneath the trees in sweet spring-time,
Vermonters turn the honest dime
By crystallizing sap.

Beneath the trees in summer-time,
In summer-time, in summer-time,
Beneath the trees in summer-time,
The poet cons the curious rhyme,
Or takes the tranquil nap.

Beneath the trees in autumn-tide,
In autumn-tide, in autumn-tide,
Beneath the trees in autumn-tide,
'Tis rather nice for two to ride
Where no one else is near.

Beneath the trees in winter wild,
In winter wild, in winter wild,
Beneath the trees in winter wild—
Ugh! Go home, you foolish child,
What are you doing here?

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



LAND Mr. MORTON has been making one of his little jokes in the shape of a petition from some more or less imaginary Quakers. These hypothetical persons pretend to have converted to Christianity and soap some hundreds of warriors of the wild and bounding Shawnee variety. Of course, for a basis of evangelical operations on this scale, it is requisite to have some land on which to erect buildings for moral quarantine. To disinfect one Shawnee, you need to wash him in at least six waters—to inject his veins, as it were, with Christian creosote. All this, as Mr. MORTON justly observed, cannot be done

without cost. But perhaps it was worth it, considering the number of human scalps which were still available for applications of sweet hair restorer, and balmy magnolia, and which would by this time have been decorating the lower limbs of members of the Shawnee profession, if these good Quakers had not turned them from the improper pursuit of extraneous hair, and read them the commandment which enjoins them from coveting their neighbor's scalp. Therefore, and in consideration of the good done by these Quakers, they and Mr. MORTON thought they ought to have a grant of land to enable them to continue their lavatory labors.

Mr. MORRILL protested in behalf of the wig-makers of America. This petition was an insidious blow at one of the most important of our industries. How could wigs be made unless there were bald heads. And how wrong it was to divert any class of persons, under the shallow pretence of making them wiser and better, from the making of bald heads. There would be the deuce *toupée* if this kind of thing were to be encouraged, and their tonsorial constituents would bring them to the Scratch on this question. He was proud to say that he was an Old Wig. Others might hold with the hair on this question. He would run with the Shampooers and the Shawnees.

Mr. CARPENTER, who can see as clearly through a ladder as almost any body in the Senate, suggested that there were no such Quakers, and that he didn't believe there were any such Shawnees. It was an evident little "land-grab," got up by some of Mr. MORTON's constituents, and the Quakers were hypothecated to promote it. He did not object to Quakers occupying lands, but he did object to a Christianized Shawnee. He had found that a converted Shawnee would steal considerably more than an unregenerate one, and that he would steal various articles of the toilet which the wild Shawnee had no use for.

Mr. CAMERON wanted some money for the Pennsylvania soldiers who had come first to defend the capital. He thought these men ought to be rewarded. A good many of them had been re-Warded in Philadelphia on election day, in order to express their political views with more frequency. That was partly the cause of his being in the Senate, and he wanted something done.

Mr. THURMAN knew a man in Ohio who had enlisted before any Pennsylvanian.

Mr. CAMERON did not mean any disrespect to the Senator from Ohio, but that remark was a condemn lie.

Mr. THURMAN said Mr. CAMERON was another. His man enlisted for the Mexican war, it was true, and not for the other war. But that slight error didn't affect the argument.

Mr. SUMNER knew a colored boy who had been attacked with colic when South-Carolina seceded, on account of his sorrow and shame. It was true he had been eating green tomatoes, but patriotism was unquestionably the cause of his colic. He was the first to martyr of the war, and he ought to have a monument. He regretted to see the accursed spirit of Caste which confined honors to whites.

Mr. CONKLING said he thought he could suggest a compromise, on a mulatto from New-York who died in 1858.

Mr. SUMNER called the Eyes and Nose on Mr. CONKLING, and Mr. CONKLING said his eyes were blue, but his nose was very flat.

Mr. SUMNER thought this would be satisfactory.

HOUSE.

Mr. BINGHAM made a speech ostensibly upon the Tariff, but really about BUTLER. He said that BUTLER didn't take Fort Fisher. This is a favorite joke of BINGHAM'S. As to Mr. BUTLER'S opinion of his treatment of Mrs. SURRETT, he didn't care. He should continue to advocate protection to home industry.

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD paid a beautiful tribute to General HOWARD. He said that officer had been absorbing public money at a rate far exceeding any thing even in the municipal annals of New-York. The gentle freedman might need a bureau, but it certainly was not essential to his happiness to have General HOWARD enriched by managing it. Mrs. HOWARD was not a freedman. The idea was absurd. The other members of General HOWARD'S family were not freedmen. Neither were General HOWARD'S staff. Neither were any of the people who had benefited by this money.

Mr. BUTLER didn't see the why of this constant row about the 'misuse of money. What was the use of a man's having an office if he couldn't make money out of it? He was proud to say that he entered the army poor and came out rich.

The "Day" we don't Celebrate.

THE Philadelphia one.

"The Man who Laughs."

THE man who reads PUNCHINELLO.

Wanted—A Sheriff.

THE lovely city of Chicago, which needs about twenty sheriffs to keep it in order, at the latest date had none at all; for the gentleman holding that office by law, in sheer despair (and some debt) has absconded, actually leaving a man to be hung, who was not hung, do you see, because there was nobody to hang him. Plenty of rope there was, to be sure, and a most beautiful gallows—but no sheriff! Of course, the thing came to a stand—perhaps it would not be proper to say a Dead stand—and the embarrassed Governor was obliged to commute the sentence! The creditors of the missing officer made a great complaint, but the 'Man who Wasn't Hung did not find the least fault. This shows the different views which the human mind may take of the same transaction.

Municipal Competition.

POOR New-York! We thought that there were some things in which she could not merely not be beaten, but in which also she was secure even from competition. But the envious will never allow us to rest upon our hardly-earned laurels. Will it be believed that they have actually discovered and inaugurated a Wickedest Man in Cincinnati? He is called COLLINS, and must be a descendant of the COLLINS who wrote an Ode on the Passions; for all the bad ones this Cincinnati COLLINS has in great perfection. His Rage especially is beautiful. First, he knocks down his fellow-creatures. Secondly, when the police are sent to capture him, he knocks down the police. He is in jail, however; and we would suggest a Convention of the Wickedest Men in all parts of the country to take measures for his release.

Origin of the Mississippi.

THE contests for supremacy between Chicago and St. Louis have banished every particle of modesty from both cities, and each now considers itself to be the Centre of the Universe. Geographers may not heretofore have understood the origin of the Mississippi River, but the St. Louis Democrat throws a great deal of light upon it. "We have been visited," says that sheet, "by heavy showers. The rain poured down heavily all night, flooding the gutters and adding to the volume of the river." It thus appears that this noble stream depends mainly for its water upon the gutters of St. Louis. Will these not, however, be rather damp resting-places for Members of Congress, should the Capital be removed to St. Louis?

The Repeater's Idea of Voting by Ballot.

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